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THE ILIAD OF HOMER

BOOKS I, VI, IX.

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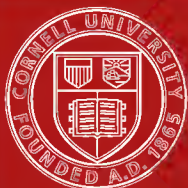
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THE
ILIAD OF HOMER,

BOOKS I, VI, IX,

RENDERED INTO ENGLISH BLANK VERSE

BY
W. CUDWORTH, M. INST. C.E.

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SOME OF THE EARLY PARTS OF BOOK VI
ARE OMITTED.

“HÆ (Homer) is the greatest epic poet of the world, and the only representative of the earliest artistic form which the Greek mind gave to its work. He is also the first author who presents any clear or vivid picture of Aryan civilization. An entire period of early Hellenic life which, but for him, would be almost a blank, is seen to be connected by an unbroken course of development with the later Hellenic age.”—Homer, by Professor R. C. Jebb.

“It cannot be too strongly affirmed, that the song of Homer is historic song. Indeed he has probably told us more about the world and its inhabitants at his own epoch, than any historian that ever lived. But the primary and principal meaning of the assertion is, that he is historical as to manners, customs, ideas, and institutions: whereas events and names are the pegs on which they hang. It is with respect, not to the dry bones of fact, but to all that gives them life, beauty, and meaning, that he has supplied us with a more

complete picture of the Greek, or, as he would probably say, Achaian, people of his time, than any other author, it might almost be said than any number of authors, have supplied with reference to any other age and people.”—*Juventus Mundi*.

By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

“Of all the features of the Homeric Poems, perhaps the most remarkable are the delineations of personal character which they contain. They are not only in a high degree varied and refined; but they are also marvellously comprehensive and profound.”—*Ibid*.

THE ILIAD OF HOMER.

BOOK I.

The wrath, O goddess, sing of Peleus' son
Achilles ; for 'twas baneful, and upon
The Achaians countless miseries it wrought,
And sent to Hades' realm before their time
Many heroic souls, their corpses left
A prey to dogs and all the fowls of heaven,
Fulfilling thus the counsel high of Zeus ;
Since what time stood apart at variance
Godlike Achilles and the king of men,
Atrides. Say, what god was he who stirred
The strife between them ? He the son of Zeus
And Leto ; for incensed against the king,
He sent among the host a pestilence
Fearful and fatal, and the people fell.
Wherefore ? Because upon his sacred priest

Chryses, dishonour had Atrides cast.
For to the swift Achaian ships he came
To free his daughter, with a ransom vast,
And bearing in his hand the suppliant wreath
Of far-shooting Apollo, on a wand
Of gold ; and all the Achaian host he prayed,
And the two sons of Atreus most of all,
The leaders of the people. “ Ye two sons
Of Atreus, and ye other well-greaved Greeks,
May the high gods who on Olympus dwell,
Grant you to overthrow old Priam’s town,
And safely to return ; but free my child
Beloved, and deign to take for her release
The gifts I bring, in all things honouring
The far-shooting Apollo, son of Zeus ! ”
Then all the other Greeks agreed ’twas best
To reverence the priest, and take from him
The splendid ransom, but not so it pleased
The mind of Agamemnon, Atreus’ son ;
But he dismissed him scornfully, and spake
Stern words. “ No longer, old man, let me find
Thee lingering here beside the hollow ships,
Or coming here again, lest nought avail
Apollo’s wreath and wand. For I decline
To set her free before she reach old age
In my abode in Argos, far away
From father-land, attending to the loom,
And partner of my bed. But go ! No more

Argue with me, and 'twill be safer far."
So spake he, and the old man feared, and did
His bidding, going onward silently
Along the much-resounding ocean shore.
Alone there, many prayers the old man raised
To King Apollo, fair-haired Leto's son.
"God of the silver bow, hear thou my plaint!
Guardian of Chryse, and the sacred fane
Of Killa, and who rulest in thy might
O'er Tenedos; O Sminthian, if I e'er
Have crowned thine altar, or thereon have burnt
The thighs of bulls or goats, grant this my prayer!
Let the Greeks suffer for the tears I've shed,
By thy dread arrows!" So he praying spake,
And Phoebus heard, and ireful in his heart,
From the Olympian heights he downward sped,
Accoutred with his bow and quiver stout
Slung from his shoulders. As he moved in wrath
The arrows on his shoulders rattled loud,
And dark as night he seemed, and terrible
Sounded the clanging of his silver bow.
Seating himself some distance from the ships,
He sent an arrow from his silver bow,
And dreadful was its twang. The mules he first
Smote and the lazy dogs, then at the host
He sent his stinging shafts; and constantly
The pyres were burning of the many dead.
Nine days upon the host the arrows fell

Sent by the god, but when the tenth day came,
Achilles to a general council called
The people, prompted in his mind thereto
By Herè, white-armed goddess. For she grieved
Sorely about the Danaans for the death
That raged among them. When they then had come
Together in assembly, in their midst
Achilles swift of foot arose and said :
“ Atrides, now I think we must begin
Our ocean wanderings and sail home again
If we would 'scape from death, since both at once,
War and dread pestilence subdue the Greeks.
But come, let us consult some soothsayer,
Or priest, or one who can interpret dreams,
(For dreams too come from Zeus,) that he may tell
Wherefore Apollo is so filled with ire ;
Whether he's grieved for some neglected vow
Or hecatomb, or he perchance would have
The smoke of lambs or goats, unblemished all,
To rise that he might free us from the plague.”
This said, he took his seat and then stood up
Calchas, the son of Thestor, wisest far
Of augurs, who could tell of things that are,
And things that were, and things that are to be ;
Who led the Achaian ships to Ilium's shore
Through his divining art by Phœbus given.
He wise in counsel, raised his voice and said :
“ Achilles, loved of Zeus, thou biddest me

Make known the cause of king Apollo's wrath :
Wherefore I'll tell thee, but do thou take heed,
And swear that thou wilt be my kindly shield
By word and deed ; for I suspect that he
Will be incensed, who rules o'er Argive men,
And whom Achaians follow. For a king
Is to be dreaded when he has a feud
With a man less exalted : and although
He may suppress his anger at the time,
Yet will he cherish it within his breast
Until in days to come it finds a vent.
Say then if thou wilt shield me !” And replied
Achilles swift of foot : “ Be confident,
And tell the oracle made known to thee ;
For by Apollo, loved of Zeus, through whom
Thou Calchas, praying, shōwest to the Greeks
The god's decrees, no one, while I'm alive
And see the light of day, of all the Greeks,
Shall lay his hands on thee beside the ships,
Not even shouldst thou Agamemnon's self
Name, who among the Achaians boasts to be
Highest in rank.” And then the blameless seer
Took courage and outspake : “ For no vain vow
Or hecatomb neglected finds he fault,
But for his priest's dishonour at the hands
Of Agamemnon, who refused to free
His daughter, and no ransom would accept.
Wherefore the Far-shooter this plague has sent,

And still will send ; nor will he from the Greeks
Remove the pestilence until the king
Gives to her sire beloved the bright-eyed maid,
Unbought, unransomed ; and a hecatomb,
Brings as a sacred gift to Chryse's fane.
Then he perchance, his anger pacified,
Will hear our prayers." So saying he sat down
And then before them great Atrides rose,
Wide-ruling Agamemnon, deeply grieved.
His gloomy soul with rage was boiling o'er,
And his eyes shone like fire, and looking first
With threatening glance on Calchas, thus he spake :
" Prophet of evil, never hast thou said
Aught that is good about me, but 'tis all
Thy pleasure to presage ill-boding things,
And nought auspicious hast thou ever told,
Or brought to pass. And now among the Greeks
Thou speakest of the heavenly oracle,
How that for this the Far-shooter has sent
Trouble among them ;—that I would not take
A noble ransom for the Chrysan maid.
Much I desire to keep her in my house,
And more than Clytemnestra value her,
My wedded wife, inferior in nought,
In gracious presence, or in gifts of mind,
Or ladies' handicraft. Yet I consent
To give her back again if that is best ;
Far rather would I have the people saved

Than perish. Wherefore look ye out for me
A gift, lest I alone of all the Greeks
Should go without a prize unseemingly :
Mine being as ye see thus doomed to go
Another way." Achilles, hero swift,
Then answered : " Son of Atreus, most renowned,
Of all the host most covetous of gain,
How can the Achaian chieftains give to thee
A prize ? Nought know we of a common store
Laid by ; since all the plunder of the towns
Taken by us has been distributed,
And to reclaim it from the host would be
Unseemly. But now yield her to the god,
And we Achaians will give back to thee
Threefold, yea fourfold, if it pleaseth Zeus
To grant us to lay low Troy's mighty walls."
And Agamemnon, King of men, replied :
" Godlike Achilles, warrior though thou art,
Delude not so thyself, not thus shalt thou
O'erreach me or herein persuade my mind.
Wouldst thou thyself retain thy hard-won prize
While I am sitting here deprived of mine,
And dost thou ask me to deliver her ?
If the Achaian chieftains will devise
Fair compensation I am satisfied.
But if they will not give, then I myself
Will come and take the prize to thee assigned,
Or to Odysseus, or to Ajax famed,

Incensed though he may be to whom I come.
But let us talk of this another time,
For now we'll go and launch into the sea
A dark-hulled ship, and we will furnish her
With chosen oarsmen, and a hecatomb
Provide ; and send on board the blooming girl
Chryseis. And some chief or councillor
Shall be the leader, or Idomeneus,
Or Ajax, or Odysseus, godlike man,
Or thou Pelides, of all men most dread,
That thou mayst with our offerings appease
The Far-shooter." Then sternly eyeing him,
The fleet Achilles said : " O shameless man,
And greedy-minded, how can, thinkest thou,
Any Achaian with a willing heart
Obey or follow thee to battle fierce ?
Not on account of Trojan warriors' deeds
Came I to fight ; for me they never harmed,
Never drove off my oxen or my steeds,
Or devastated crops in Phthia's rich
And hero-rearing land that smiles between
The shadowy mountains and the moaning sea.
But we have followed thee, most shameless man,
Pleasing thee with demand of recompense
From Troy for thine and Menelaus' wrongs,
O brazen-faced ! all which thou valuest not,
Nor carest for. And now thou threatenest
Thyself to snatch my prize for which I've toiled,

And which the sons of Greece allotted me.
I never get an equal prize with thine
When the Achæians some well-peopled town
Of Troia ravage ; though in war's rude shock
My arms are foremost, if there chance to be
Division of the spoil, much larger is
Thy share, and I, all wearied with the fight,
Take to my ships a small and hard-won prize.
And now I go to Phthia ; better far
Were it to go home with our beakèd ships.
Nor do I think that thou, dishonouring me,
Wilt pile up plunder here." Then answered him
The king of men : " Begone, if so thy mind
Impels thee ! Neither would I bid thee stay
For my sake. There are others on my side
Who'll honour me, and Zeus the most of all,
Greatest in counsel. Of Zeus-nurtured kings
Thou art most hateful to me, for thy heart
Revels in strife, and never tires of war.
If thou in might excellest, 'tis the gift
Of god. But go home with thy ships and crews,
And lord it o'er thy Myrmidons. For thee
I care not, nor thy wrath. And now I'll tell
What I will do. Since Phœbus takes from me
The maid Chryseis, her I will send off
With ship and crew of mine, and I will take
Bright-cheeked Briseis, (going to thy tent
Myself,) the girl who is thy prize in war,

That thou mayst know how much superior
Am I than thou, and other men may fear
To claim equality with me, and that
In public." So he spake, and trouble filled
Pelides' heart, that in his manly breast
Was torn with conflict, whether from his thigh
Drawing his blade, the council he should loose,
And slay Atrides ; or abstain from wrath,
And keep his soul in check. And while these thoughts
Perplexed his mind and heart, he from its sheath
Drew his great sword ; but down from heaven sped
Athene, sent by Herè, white-armed queen,
Who loved and cared for both of them at once.
She stood behind, and by his auburn hair
Held Peleus' son, but seen by him alone,
Invisible to others. Startled then
Achilles turned and recognized at once
Pallas Athene ; and his eye-balls glared,
And with these wingèd words he spake to her :
" Why now, O child of ægis-bearing Zeus
Comest thou ? Is it that thou mayst behold
Atrides Agamemnon's insolence ?
But I declare, and think 'twill come to pass ;
For his presumption soon his life may pay."
And gleaming-eyed Athene answered him :
" To end thy fury, down from heaven I come,
If thou wilt hear. For Herè, white-armed queen
Sent me, who loves and cares for both of you.

Cease then your strife, and draw not out thy blade ;
But with words only quarrel as ye list.
Yet this I say, and it shall come to pass.
Some day, three times as many splendid gifts
This insult shall procure thee ; but be calm,
And do as I desire.” And answering her
Spake fleet Achilles : “ I must needs obey
Thy word, O goddess, though enraged at heart.
'Tis better so, and he who doth the gods'
Behests obey is heard of them the more.”
He said, and on the silver hilt he placed
His heavy hand, and thrust his mighty sword
Into its sheath again, nor disobeyed
Athene's words. And to Olympus went
Pallas, where dwelleth ægis-bearing Zeus
Among the other gods. Pelides then
Once more Atrides with his words assailed
Of keen reproach, his anger unallayed.
“ Heavy with wine, thou man with eye of dog,
And heart of timid deer, thou never hast
The courage to go forth in arms to war
Together with the host, nor yet to lie
In ambush with the noblest of the Greeks,
And thy heart knows 'tis so. 'Tis better, sure,
Through the Achaian host to levy gifts
From him who would oppose thee with his words.
Devourer of the people, thou must rule
O'er worthless men, or now this insolence

Would be thy last ! But this I say to thee,
And with an oath confirm it : by this staff
Which never has put forth or leaves or shoots
Since when it first upon the mountain side
Cut down was left, and stripped by woodman's knife
Of leaves and bark, shall never bud again,—
Now in their hands by Grecian magnates borne,
Through aid of Zeus administering law :
By this dread oath be sure the sons of Greece
Shall need Achilles, and thou, troubled sore,
Shalt have no power to save them when they fall,
Dying in crowds by mighty Hector's hands.
And thou shalt lacerate thy heart with wrath
Because the bravest of Achaian chiefs
Thou hast dishonoured." So Pelides said,
And down upon the ground he cast his staff
Studded with gold, and took again his seat.
But swelled Atrides' heart with furious wrath.
Then 'mong them Nestor rose, of fluent speech,
The Pylian's clear-toned orator, whose words
Flowed from his tongue than honey sweeter far.
Two generations of the race of man
Ere this had passed away, his comrades once
In sacred Pylos, and now o'er the third
He ruled, who with sound mind addressing them,
Spake : " Ah, what mighty trouble has o'erflowed
The land of Greece ! well may both Priam's sons
And Priam's self rejoice, and Trojans all

Exult indeed if they should come to hear
Of your contentions, yours who all the Greeks
Excel in war and counsel! But do ye
Obey my words, both younger men than I.
For long ago I companied with men
Better than you, who never slighted me ;
Yet never have I seen men, nor shall see
The equals of Peirithoüs and him
His people's shepherd, Dryas, Cœneus too,
Exadius and Polyphemus great,
And Theseus son of Ægeus, rivalling
The immortals ; for of heroes reared on earth
They were the mightiest, and with men of might
Waged war, and with the savage mountain beasts,
Being their deadly enemies. And these,
Coming from Pylos, I consorted with,
Far from the Apian land ; for they desired
My presence, and with them I took my part.
With them could none of all the men who now
Dwell on the earth compare : but my advice
They took, and were obedient to my word.
Wherefore do ye too heed me, it will be
Far better : nor do thou, though high in rank,
Take from this man the maid, but suffer, since
The sons of Greece first gave to him the prize.
Nor do thou, son of Peleus, think to strive
Openly with the king, for never yet
Has sceptre-bearing ruler had such share

Of honour, and his fame has come from Zeus.
And if thou art the mightier, and thou had'st
A goddess for thy mother, yet is he
Nobler, for he is ruler over more.
Atrides, do thou let thy fury cease,
And I will beg Achilles to remit
His wrath, who is to all the Achaian host
A wall of strength against disastrous war."
And Kingly Agamemnon answering, said :
" Truly all this, old friend, thou'st said right well,
But this man wishes to have power o'er all,
And he would rule o'er all, and give commands
Which I will not obey. And if the gods
Who live forever made him warrior stout,
Do they on that account a warrant give
To speak offensive words ?" Then answered him
Godlike Achilles, and this warning gave :
" Coward and worthless I indeed should be
Were I to yield to thee in everything
That thou requirest. Give forth thy commands
To other men but give them not to me,
In nothing am I willing to obey.
And one thing more I say which in thy mind
Turn over well, that not with arms will I
Fight for the girl with thee or any man,
Since ye who gave her take her back again :
But of all else that in my swift dark ship
Is stored, believe me there is nought thou may'st

Snatching bear off against my own free will.
And if thou shouldst attempt it, let these know,
Soon should my spear be purpled with thy blood.”
At variance still, they rose with wrangling words,
And loosed the council by the Achaian ships.
Pelides to his tents and vessels long
Went with Menœtius’ son and comrades brave ;
But Agamemnon launched into the sea
A swift ship, choosing twenty oarsmen good,
And for the god a hecatomb embarked,
And brought and put on board the blooming-cheeked
Chryseis. And the man for counsel famed,
Odysseus, went in charge of her. They then
Embarking, sailed across the watery way.
Atrides next a proclamation made
To purify the host ; the host obeyed,
And in the sea pollution washed away.
Then to Apollo perfect hecatombs
Of bulls and goats they sacrificed upon
The barren ocean’s ever-sounding shore :
And in a cloud the odour rose to heaven.
So were they occupied throughout the host,
Yet ceased not Agamemnon from the strife,
Nor to make good the threats which he had vowed
Against Achilles ; but he called to him
Talthybius and Eurybates, both true
Heralds and faithful servants of their lord.
“ Go to the tent of Peleus’ mighty son,

Achilles, and there taking by the hand,
Seize and lead off Briseis, bright-cheeked maid.
But if he will not yield her, I myself
Will come and take her with an armed band,
And it shall be the worse for him." This said,
He sent them off with heavy errand charged.
Along the dreary ocean's shore they went,
Unwillingly, and to the Myrmidons'
Tents and swift ships they came, and found him there
Sitting beside his tent and dark-hulled ship;
Nor did Achilles, seeing them, rejoice.
They then in awe and reverence for the king
Stood silently, not uttering a word.
But in his mind he knew why they had come,
And said: "Hail heralds, messengers of Zeus
And men, approach! for you I do not blame,
But Agamemnon who has sent you here
To take the girl Briseis. Come my good
Patroclus, bring her out and give her up
For them to lead away. Be witnesses
Ye two, by all the blessed gods and men
Of mortal mould, and by the unfeeling king,
If ever there be need of me to shield
The host from death inglorious,—in his mind
He fumes, nor can he take a forward look
Or backward, how the Achaians by the ships
May fight in safety." Thus Achilles spake,
And as his comrade loved desired so did

Patroclus, and Briseis from the tent
Brought out and gave her up. They two again
Went to the Grecian ships, and with them went
The girl unwillingly. But from his friends
Apart Achilles sat dissolved in tears,
Alone upon the hoary ocean's shore,
Gazing upon the deep. And much he prayed,
Calling his mother with uplifted hands.
"Mother, since thou hast borne me, and for life
So short, Olympian Zeus, the Thunderer
Might have vouchsafed me honour; and yet now
I have not e'en a little; for the son
Of Atreus, Agamemnon, king of men
Has cast foul insult on me, who my prize
Now holds, which he has taken for himself."
So spake he weeping, and his mother heard,
Sitting in ocean's depths beside her sire
The ancient sea-god. Quickly like a mist,
Emerging from the deep she took a seat
Before him as he wept, and fondled him,
Consoling with her words. "My child, O why
Weepest thou? What great grief has filled thy breast?
Speak out, hide nothing, that we both may know!"
And swift-footed Achilles with deep groans
Answered her: "Well thou knowest! Why should I
Tell this to one who knows? To Thebes we went,
The sacred city of Eëtion
And ravaged it, and filled ourselves with spoil.

Then the Achaians fair division made
Among themselves, and for Atrides' share
Went blooming-cheeked Chryseis. But the Priest
Of far-shooting Apollo, Chryses, came,
Her sire, to the Achaians' long swift ships
To free his daughter, bringing ransom rich,
And bearing in his hand a golden wand
And wreath of the Far-shooter. He besought
All the Achaians, the Atridæ most,
The leaders of the host. Then all the Greeks
Shouted assent to reverence the priest,
And take the splendid ransom. Yet not so
Pleased it Atrides Agamemnon's mind,
But he dismissed him with insulting words
Of stern rebuke ; and back the old man went
In anger. And his prayer Apollo heard,
For he was loved by him. Wherefore he sent
His deadly arrows on the Argive host.
Then quickly, one by one the people died,
And everywhere throughout the wide array
Of Greece the weapons of Apollo fell.
But unto us a skilful seer made known
The will of the Far-shooter ; whereupon
I straight advised the god should be appeased.
But then within the heart of Atreus' son
Anger arose, and rising up at once,
He uttered threats and now has made them good.
For in a swift ship her the dark-eyed Greeks

To Chryse sent with offerings to the god.
But heralds have now come and led away
Out of my tent Briseis, bright-cheeked girl,
Whom the Achaians gave me for my prize.
But do thou, if thou hast the power, protect
Thy son, and going to Olympus, call
On Zeus, if ever thou his heart hast pleased
By word or deed ; for often in thy sire's
Abode I've heard thy boast, that thou alone
Among the immortals, didst from Cronos' son
Wrapped in dark clouds, inglorious ill avert,
When others of the Olympians, Herè, queen,
Pallas Athene, and Poseidon thought
To bind him ; but thou then didst come and loose
His fetters, to Olympus bidding speed
With utmost haste, him of the hundred hands,
Whom the gods name Briareus, but all men
Ægæon ; (he surpasses in his might
His father ;) who beside Cronion sat
Rejoicing in his glory. Him the gods
Dreaded, and feared to bind old Cronos' son.
Which things remind him of, and sitting down
Beside him, as a suppliant clasp his knees,
If he perchance his aid to men of Troy
May grant, and drive the Achaians to the ships
And sea with slaughter, so they all may share
Their King's disfavour, and the ruler, great
Atrides Agamemnon may perceive

His folly, when the bravest of the Greeks
He treated with dishonour." Thetis then
Answered him, letting fall a tender tear.
"Ah me, my son, why did I nourish thee
When born with dreadful pangs? Would thou hadst
 staid
Beside the ships, at ease without a tear,
And all unhurt! For now thy fate will come
Soon, nor be long delayed. But short-lived now
Art thou and woe-begone beyond them all.
Truly I bore thee to an evil fate
In my sire's deep abode. But I myself
Will to Olympus speed with snow-wreaths crowned,
And tell the lord of thunder, mighty Zeus,
These words; and may he be prevailed upon!
But do thou by thy swift ships seat thyself,
And fume against the Achaians as thou wilt;
But thou must from all violence abstain.
Unto a banquet yesterday went Zeus
Among the Ethiopians o'er the sea,
A blameless people, and the other gods
Followed him. But the twelfth day when it comes,
Will see him to Olympus going back.
And then unto the brass-based house of Zeus
I will go and beseech him at his knees;
I think that he will listen." Saying this,
She went and left him there in angry mood
Because of the rich-girdled girl borne off

By force against her will. Odysseus now
To Chryse came with sacred hecatomb.
But when within the haven deep arrived,
They furled the sail and in the ship's dark hull
Stowed it, and dropped the mast into its crutch,
Lashing it with the forestay hastily,
And pulled up to the anchorage with their oars.
Then they cast out the anchor-stones and made
Fast the stern moorings ; going next ashore
Upon the ocean beach, they landed there
The hecatomb that was Apollo's due ;
And from the swift ship went Chryseis forth.
Then to the altar, sage Odysseus brought
The girl and placed her in her father's arms,
And said : " O Chryses, Agamemnon, king
Of men, has sent me to bring back thy child,
And sacrifice a sacred hecatomb
To Phœbus for the Greeks, so they the wrath
May pacify of him who now has sent
Trouble most grievous on the Argive host."
So saying, in his hands he placed the maid,
And he with joy received his much-loved child.
And speedily the sacred hecatomb
They ranged in order round the well-built shrine,
And laved their hands, and sprinkled barley meal.
Then earnestly prayed Chryses for the Greeks,
Raising his hands : " Thou who the silver bow
Lovest, O hear me, thou who guardest well

Chryse and sacred Killa, and whose might
Is great in Tenedos ; if heretofore
Thou hast e'er heard my prayer, and honouring me
Hast laid a heavy hand on Grecia's host,
Fulfil thou now my wish, and from the Greeks
Avert the deadly plague." As thus he prayed,
Phœbus Apollo heard, and when the rites
Were duly done, and meal upon the fire
Was sprinkled, back the victims' heads they drew,
And slew, and flayed, and cut away the thighs,
Wrapping them in the fat with double fold,
And heaped raw flesh thereon. Then o'er the wood
The old man burnt them, pouring on the flame
Bright sparkling wine. And young men at his side
Held in their hands the forks. When they had burnt
The thighs, the inwards tasted, all the rest
They carved, the pieces thrusting on the spits,
And roasting them right knowingly ; then from
The fire withdrew them. And when finished this
Their labour, and the banquet all prepared,
They feasted ; nor did any of them lack
His equal share. And when desire for food
And drink had vanished, young men crowned with
wine
The bowls, and dealt it out to all in cups
In due succession. And all through the day
The sons of Greece with song appeased the god,
Praising the far-shooter in pæans sweet.

He heard and was content. And when the sun
Had set and darkness came, they laid them down
Beside their ship's stern moorings, seeking sleep.
And when the mist-born rosy-fingered Dawn
Illumed the sky, they put again to sea
To join the Achaian host. And following them
Apollo sent a prospering breeze to blow :
They raised the mast and spread their snowy sail,
Which bellied to the wind, and round the prow
The blue waves swirled as on her rapid course
The vessel flew, till o'er the heaving deep
She reached her haven. And when they had come
To Grecia's wide-spread host, high up the beach
Upon the sand they drew the ship, and set
Stout shores beneath her, and themselves dispersed
Among the tents and ships. But Peleus' son,
Achilles fleet, of Zeus's glorious race,
Beside his swift ship sat in gloomy wrath ;
Nor to the Agora ever would he go
Where fame is won, nor to the battle-field,
But there abode, and wore his heart away,
Shunning the stirring fight and battle-cry.
But when the dawning of the twelfth day came,
The gods immortal to Olympus high
Returned in company, Zeus leading them.
Then Thetis not unmindful of her son's
Injunction, from the ocean wave emerged,
And through the vast cerulean sped along

To high Olympus. And all-seeing Zeus
She found, from other deities apart,
Seated alone upon the loftiest peak
Of many-ridged Olympus. And she sat
Herself before him, with her left hand clasped
His knees, and with her right hand stroked his beard,
And earnestly besought Cronion, king,
Saying : " O father Zeus, if ever I
Among the gods have been of use to thee,
Either by word or deed, grant this my prayer !
Give honour to my son, who more than all
Is doomed to early death, on whom has now
King Agamemnon foul dishonour cast ;
For he hath sent and borne away his prize,
Taking her for himself. But do thou him
Avenge, Olympian, mighty counsellor,
And grant predominance in war to Troy
Until the Greeks shall reverence my son,
And yield him honour ! " Thus she urged her plea,
And cloud-compelling Zeus no answer gave,
But long while sat in silence. Thetis then
As still she clasped his knees and clung to him,
Again addressed him : " Do thou promise me
Faithfully, and confirm it with thy nod ;
Or else refuse (no cause hast thou to fear),
That I may plainly know how much I am
A slighted goddess 'mid the immortal band."
Then Zeus the cloud-compeller answered her,

Troubled in soul: "Thou wouldst a grievous thing
Have me to do, to stir up Herè's ire,
And bring upon myself her cutting words!
Thus is she ever finding fault with me
Among the immortals, and she charges me
With succouring the Trojans in the fight.
Go back again lest Herè notice aught;
And as for this, it shall be all my care
Until thy wish is realized. Nay more,
My nod I'll give that thou mayst be assured.
For this among the immortals is the most
Sure token that I give. For when my head
I nod, the thing is not to be recalled,
Is true, and will not want accomplishment."
He said, and with his eyebrows dark his nod
Cronion gave, and from his mighty head
The locks divine fell waving, and he shook
The vast Olympus. Having communed so,
They parted. She then plunged into the deep
From bright Olympus, Zeus his mansion sought.
The gods rose from their seats in unison
In presence of their father; none of them
Dared to sit at his coming, all stood up.
So there he took his seat upon his throne.
But it escaped not Herè's vigilance
That silver-footed Thetis, daughter loved
Of the old sea-god, had communed with him;
And straightway Zeus Cronion she assailed

With bitter words : " Say, which one of the gods,
O wily one, hath had discourse with thee ?
'Tis always thy delight apart from me
To settle things in secret, nor hast thou
E'er ventured with a willing mind to speak
Thy thoughts to me " Then answered her the sire

All that I speak ; my words may grieve thee sore,
Although thou art my wife. But what is fit
For thee to hear, that no one of the gods
Or men shall know before thee. And such things
As I would plan apart from other gods,
Do not thou question of or seek to know."
Then answered ox-eyed Herè, honoured queen :
" Most dread Cronion, what is this thou sayest ?
Assuredly aforetime I have not,
Or questioned thee, or troubled thee with aught,
But tranquilly hast thou thy thoughts revolved.
Yet now great apprehension fills my mind
Lest silver-footed Thetis with her arts,
Child of the sea-god old, hath thee beguiled.
For at the break of day, she sat by thee
And clasped thy knees : and to her I suspect
Thou gav'st thy nod that cannot be recalled,
To avenge Achilles, and the Greeks repulse
Beside their ships." And cloud-compelling Zeus
Answered her : " Goddess thou art ever prone
To be suspicious ; nor can I escape

Thy observation ; yet for all this, nought
Shalt thou accomplish, but the more shalt be
An alien from mine heart, and thou shalt fare
The worse for it. And if this thing be so,
My mind is 'set upon it. Sit thou down
Silent, and be obedient to my word ;
Lest all the gods who in Olympus dwell
Avail thee not, though coming to thy side,
When I my hand invincible launch forth.”
So spake he, and the ox-eyed Herè feared,
And sat in silence bending low her will.
But in the hall of Zeus the heavenly gods
Had heavy hearts. Hephaistos, craftsman famed,
With kind intentions toward his mother dear,
The white-armed Herè, thus his speech began :
“Twill be indeed a pestilential thing,
And not to be endured, if they for sake
Of mortals in contention thus engage,
And make a brawl among the immortal gods ;
Nor shall we have enjoyment at our feasts
If the weak has her way. But I advise
My mother, (she may think the same herself,)
To make things pleasant to my father loved,
Cronion, that he so find fault no more,
Nor bring confusion to our festive board.
For if he will, the Olympian lightning's lord
Can thrust us from our seats, for he is far
The mightiest. But do thou with soothing words

Appease him, so the Olympian again
May smile upon us." Saying this he rose
And put into his mother's hands a cup,
And said : " Be patient, mother mine, and bear,
Though deeply grieved ! not ever may these eyes
See one so dear to me as thou ill-used.
For I however pained, should have no power
To help thee. For the Olympian is one
Hard to contend with. Long ago when I
Resisted him, he caught me by the foot
And from heaven's lofty threshold hurled me down ;
Through a whole day I fell, and at the set
Of sun, I lighted on the Lemnian Isle ;
And little life was left in me. 'Twas then
That Sintian men attended to my wants."
So spake he. and the white-armed goddess smiled,
And from his hand received the double cup.
Then for the other gods from left to right
He poured sweet nectar, drawing from a bowl ;
And laughter inextinguishable arose
Among the blessed gods when they beheld
Hephaistos bustling all around the hall.
Thus all day long until the set of sun
They feasted, nor lacked any one his share,
Nor of the charming music of the lyre,
By Phœbus touched, nor of the Muses' strains
Singing responsively with clearest voice.
But when the splendour of the sun had waned,

Departing, each one went to his abode,
Where lame Hephaistos famed had made for each
A dwelling by his skilfulness and wit.
And to his couch Olympian Zeus repaired,
The lightning's lord, where he was wont to rest
When pleasant sleep o'ercame him. Going there
He slept, and by him Herè golden-throned.

THE ILIAD OF HOMER.

BOOK VI.

Book VI. commences with details of a stubborn fight between the Trojans and the Greeks.

Across the plain the shock of battle flew,
And many a straight stroke dealt their brass-tipped
spears
Between the ample floods of Simois
And Xanthus.

The Greeks prevailing, are loudly exhorted by aged Nestor to refrain from stripping the slain until the work of slaughter is done.

So saying, he new strength and life
Inspired in each, and Trojans everywhere
Had into Ilium from the warlike Greeks
Fled powerless, but that Helenus, a son
Of Priam, far the best of augurs he,
Approaching Hector and Æneas, said :

“Ye Hector and Æneas, since on you
Of Trojans and of Lycians presses most
The toil of war—for ye in open fight
And counsel are before the rest—stand here,
And keep beside the gates the flying crowd
From all parts hurrying, ere they fall again
Into the women’s arms in coward flight,
And make rejoicing for their enemies.
And when your words have told upon the ranks,
We staying here will face the Danaän host,
Though spent with toil ; necessity compels.
But Hector, do thou to the city go,
And with thy mother and with mine confer ;
Who summoning the aged dames of Troy
Where stands Athene’s temple on the height,
And opening with a key the door that keeps
The sacred fane, shall on Athene’s knees
Gleaming-eyed, lay such rich robe as she deems
Most lovely, and most ample of all those
Stored in her chamber, and most prized by her.
And she shall vow to offer in her fane
Twelve oxen, yearlings, to the yoke unused,
If she will have compassion on the state,
And on the wives of Trojans and their babes,
And sacred Ilium shield from Tydeus’ son, *
Fierce warrior, dreaded most, and deemed by me
The mightiest of all the Achaian host.

* Diomede.

Not have we ever so Achilles feared,
Leader of men, though goddess-born he be,
As men say. But this man is furious,
And none are able to withstand his might.”
So spake he, nor did Hector disobey
His brother’s bidding. From his car he sprang
Down to the ground, accoutred with his arms ;
And brandishing his spear, through all the host
He strode along inspiring them to fight,
And raised a dreadful battle-cry ; and round
They wheeled and faced the Greeks. The Argives
then

Retreated, and their hands from slaughter ceased ;
For they supposed that down from starry heaven
Some deity had come the Trojan cause
To aid, when they thus rallied. Loudly then
Cried Hector to the Trojans : “ Men of Troy,
High-souled, and ye allies from lands afar,
Be men, my friends, and your impetuous might
Forget not, while to Ilium I go
And bid the ancient men and councillors,
And Trojan wives to call upon the gods,
And promise hecatombs.” This said, away
Rushed Hector of the glancing helm, and ’gainst
His ancles and his neck the black bull’s hide,
The outer circle of his bossy shield,
Alternate rubbed. Then in the middle space
Between both armies, Glaucus and the son

Of Tydeus met, both eager for the fray ;
Glaucus who claimed Hippolochus for sire.
When near to one another they had come,
The warrior Diomedes spake out the first :
“ Who art thou, valiant foe, of mortal men,
For never have I met with thee before
In glorious war ? But now beyond the rest
Far hast thou ventured in thy confidence,
Awaiting my long shadow casting spear ;
And they are children of unhappy men
Who wait my onset. But if thou art one
From heaven come down, immortal, I would not
With heavenly gods encounter. For not long
Lived mighty Lycoërgus, Dryas’ son,
Who dared to combat with the heavenly powers.
He once down Nyssa’s sacred mountain chased
The frenzied Dionysus with his maids,
And these the sacred vessels with one mind
Cast to the ground when with an ox-goad beat
By Lycoërgus. Dionysus then
Terrified, plunged beneath the ocean wave,
And Thetis in her lap the shivering boy
Received, for at the shouting of the man
He trembled much. The easy-living gods
Then hated Lycoërgus, and the son
Of Cronos blinded him ; nor did his life
Last long, since he was odious to all
The immortal gods ; and therefore will not I

With blessed gods contend. But if thou art
Mortal, and eatest of the corn-land's fruit,
Come near, that so thou mayst the sooner reach
The limit of thy life." To him replied
The famed son of Hippolochus: "O son
Of Tydeus, noble-hearted, of my race,
Why askest thou? for like the forest leaves
Is man's succession; o'er the ground the wind
Scatters the leaves, but when the spring returns,
The budding trees with green again are clad.
As is the leaves' succession so is man's,
Who flourishes, then vanishes from earth.
But if thou wishest, thou shalt know my race,
Far has its fame extended."

*Here follows a long discourse by Glaucus, running
through seventy-six lines, wherein he relates to Diomedes
a number of incidents of days gone by, ending with*

"Of such a race and blood I'm proud to be."
So said he, and brave Diomedes rejoiced;
Into the fruitful ground his spear he thrust,
And with bland words the noble prince addressed:
"Then are we guest-friends for our fathers' sakes
In old time. For Bellerophon the good
Did god-like Æneus once receive as guest,
Keeping him in his palace twenty days,
And noble presents each to other gave.
Æneus a girdle gave of brilliant hue;

Bellerophon a golden double-cup ;
And it I left behind me in the hall
When I departed : but of Tydeus no
Remembrance have I ; me a child he left
Behind, what time at Thebes the Achaian host
Perished. So therefore I shall be thy host
In middle Argos, thou in Lycia mine,
When to my land I come. Now let us shun
Each other's weapons in the battle-field !
Trojans enough there are for me to slay,
And famed allies whom gods may give to me
And I by speed may reach ; and then again,
Many Achaians are there for thy blade,
If thou canst slay them. But now let us make
Exchange of arms, that these may also know
We are ancestral guest-friends." Ended then
Their converse, from their cars they leaped, and seized
Each other's hands, and faithful oaths exchanged.
Then Glaucus did Zeus Cronides deprive
Of common sense, who gave to Diomedes
The son of Tydeus, arms of gold instead
Of arms of brass : one hundred oxen's worth
For nine. When Hector to the Skæan gate
And oak had come, the wives and maids of Troy
Ran to him, questioning about their sons,
Their brothers, and their husbands, and their friends.
He then all, one by one, exhorted them
To pray unto the gods, and loaded them

With anxious cares. But when unto the house
He came of Priam, fair exceedingly,
Adorned with polished vestibules, wherein
Were fifty chambers built of fine-cut stone,
Near to each other, where slept Priam's sons
Beside their wedded wives ; and opposite
Within the court upon the other side
Were twelve roofed chambers built of stone to match ;
All side by side, where Priam's sons-in-law
Slept with their wedded wives, his daughters fair ;
There came his gracious mother to his side,
Bringing Laodike her daughter, fair
Beyond the rest, and clasped his hand, and spake
Familiar words : " My son why comest thou,
Leaving the doubtful battle ? Art o'erdone
With toil, contending with Achaia's sons
Of evil name who round the city fight ?
And does thy heart impel thee to come here,
And on the citadel thy hands to raise
To Zeus ? But wait until I bring for thee
Refreshing wine, that thou to father Zeus
And the immortal gods mayst first pour out,
And then thyself mayst drink and be revived !
Wine gives new strength to him who labours hard
As thou hast laboured for thy country's cause."
Then answered Hector of the glancing helm :
" Tempt me not, honoured mother, with a draught
Of sparkling wine, lest so thou take away

Strength from my limbs, and I forget my skill
And prowess. Nor dare I with unwashed hands
Offer to Zeus libations of the wine ;
Nor may it be that one with gore and blood
Bespattered o'er, to cloud-girt Cronos' son
Should raise his prayer. But go thou to the fane
Loved by Athene, bringing offerings,
Attended by a crowd of aged dames.
A robe, the choicest one that can be found
In all the palace, amplest, and most prized
By thee, that place thou on Athene's knees,
The bright-haired, vowing in her fane to slay
Twelve oxen, yearlings, to the yoke unused,
If she will have compassion on the state,
On Trojan wives and children : if the son
Of Tydeus, furious warrior, she will keep
From sacred Ilium ; that inspirer stern
Of fear. But go thou to Athene's fane,
Goddess of spoil, and I will go in quest
Of Paris, if perchance he'll hear my call,
And listen to my words. Oh would the earth
Might gape for him ! for him the Olympian
Hath reared to be a fearful bane to Troy,
And noble Priam, and to Priam's sons.
Could I but see him going down below
To Hades' realm, my wearied heart would quite
Forget her troubles." So he spake, and she
Going into her palace called her maids,

Who at her bidding gathered in her train
The city's aged dames. And next she went
To the sweet-scented chamber where were stored
Robes of embroidered work, by women's hands
Of Sidon wrought, which Alexander's self,
The godlike, thence across the wide-wayed sea
Brought by the selfsame course o'er which he once
Took high-born Helen. Choosing one of these
Hecuba for Athene bore the gift.
It was the loveliest, and the most adorned,
And largest, and it shone as doth a star,
And lay beneath the rest. With this she went,
And many aged women followed her.
And when to the Acropolis they came,
Where was Athene's temple, oped for them
The doors Theano, child of Kisseus, spouse
Of horse-taming Antenor. She was there
Athene's priestess by the Trojans' choice.
And all with loud laments upraised their hands,
Calling upon Athene. And the fair
Theano took the robe and placed it on
Athene's knees, and to the mighty child
Of Zeus sent up her prayer: "Athene dread,
Our city's guardian, goddess most divine,
Break thou the spear of Diomedes, and cause
Himself before the Skæan gates to fall
Prostrate, and straightway we will slay for thee
Twelve oxen in thy temple, yearlings, un-

Accustomed to the yoke, and may'st thou save
The city and the Trojan wives and babes ! ”
So prayed she, but Athene granted not
Her prayer ; yet thus to Zeus's mighty child
Prayed Hecuba and her attendant band.
But Hector to the noble mansion went
Of Alexander, which himself had built
With artizans most cunning in their art
In fertile Troia, men who reared for him
A chamber, and a lofty hall and court,
Near by where Priam and where Hector dwelt,
The city's topmost height. In went the man
Beloved of Zeus, and in his hand he bore
His mighty spear, and shone in front of him
Its glittering head of brass : its socket ring
Was golden. Him he in his chamber found
Brightening his splendid armour, shield and plate,
And polishing his bow. And 'mid her maids
Sat Argive Helen who the women-folk
Instructed in the pleasant works of art.
As soon as Hector Alexander saw,
He with upbraiding words accosted him :
“ Sir, it becomes thee not within thy heart
To nourish wrath. The people waste away
Around the city and its towering walls,
Contending in thy cause ; for thee the war
Is waged, the city ringed with hostile fire.
Thou wouldst reproach another whom thou saw'st

Shrinking from hateful war. But quick, arise,
Lest foemen's fire invade the city's bounds !”
And godlike Alexander answered him :
“ Hector, since thy reproof is not beyond
The bound of reason, but has justice in it,
I will speak out, and be thou well-inclined,
And hear me ! Not so much for ire and grudge
Against the Trojans sat I in my room,
As that I wished to give a vent to grief.
But now my wife prevailing with her words
Gently persuasive, urges me to fight,
And to myself this seems the better course,
For victory alternates among men.
But stay now while I put my armour on,
Or go before, and I will follow thee ;
I'll find thee without fail.” So said he, but
Naught answered Hector of the glancing helm.
But Helen spake to him with soothing words :
“ Brother of one a shame and bane to thee,
Would that that day my mother gave me birth
A fatal storm of wind had hurried me
Away to mountain wastes, or o'er the waves
Of tossing ocean, and a rolling surge
Had swallowed me before these things had been !
But since the gods these evils have decreed,
Would I had had a better man for spouse,
One with a sense of shame and what is mean !
For he has no stability of mind,

Nor ever will have, and methinks he soon
Will suffer for it. But, my brother, now
Come in, and take thy seat upon this chair,
Since heavy trouble hath encircled thee
For Alexander's folly and for mine,
Both lost to shame, for whom hath Zeus reserved
An evil fate, that henceforth we may be
A song for men in ages yet to come."
And mighty Hector of the glancing helm
Answered her: "Helen, though I'm dear to thee
Make me not sit; entreaty naught avails.
For now I hurry to the Trojans' aid,
Who feel my absence bitterly; but him
Arouse thou; let himself be prompt to move,
So he may join me while I am within
The city. For I go unto my house
To see my servants, and my wife beloved,
And infant child. For little know I now
Whether I shall return to them again,
Or by Achaian hands the gods decree
My overthrow." So saying, strode away
Gleaming-helmed Hector, and he quickly reached
His stately dwelling; but he found not there
White-armed Andromache. She with her child
And neat-robed nurse was standing on the tower
In grief and tears. But Hector when he found
Not there his blameless wife, delayed his step
Upon the threshold, and the maids addressed:

“Tell me, my servants, and speak out the truth !
Whither has gone white-armed Andromache
Away from here ? To where her sisters dwell,
Or noble relatives ? Or has she gone
Up to Athene’s fane where other dames
Of Troy propitiate the goddess dread ?”
Then answered him the trusty housekeeper :
“Hector, since thou wouldst have me tell the truth :
Not to where dwell her sisters has she gone,
Or noble relatives, nor to the fane
Of great Athene where the other dames
Of Troy propitiate the goddess dread.
But she has gone to Ilium’s loftiest tower
Because she heard the Trojan strength gave way,
And Grecian might prevailed. She went in haste,
Mounting the wall as if beside herself,
And the nurse with the child attended her.”
So said the housekeeper, and from the house
Rushed Hector back the same way through the streets.
And when the city he had traversed through,
And reached the Skæan gates, about to pass
Into the plain, there running up to him
Came his much-gifted wife Andromache,
Daughter of high-minded Eëtion,
Who dwelt in Thebes beneath the wooded height
Of Placos, ruling o’er Cilician men.
He was the sire of brass-clad Hector’s wife.
She then ran up to him, and followed her

The nurse, the infant bearing in her arms,
Hector's loved son, as fair as some bright star ;
Whom Hector named Scamandrius, but the rest
Astyanax, for they to Hector looked
Alone for Ilium's safety. Silently
He smiled as on his infant son he gazed.
And shedding tears Andromache drew nigh,
And grasped his hand, and spake as wife might do.
“Great prince, thy might will be the death of thee.
Nor hast thou any pity on thy son,
This infant, nor on me, ill-fated one
Who soon will be a widow, for ere long
The Achaian host will rush to the assault
And slay thee. Better would it be for me
Deprived of thee to go beneath the earth ;
For no more comfort would remain for me
When thou hast met thy fate, but only grief.
No longer have I mother chaste, nor sire ;
For him, Eëtion, great Achilles slew,
What time he took the lofty-gated Thebes,
Well-peopled city of Cilician men ;
He slew him truly, but he stripped him not,
(For in his heart he had regard for him,)
And burnt him with his highly-burnished arms,
Raising a mound above him, and around
Grew elm-trees planted by the mountain nymphs,
Daughters of Ægis-bearing Zeus. I had
Seven brothers in my father's house, and they

All in one day to Hades' realm went down ;
For swift-footed Achilles slew them all
Among their oxen and their white-faced sheep.
My mother, queen of that fair land that lay
'Neath wooded Placos, he then took away
Along with other plunder, but again
Released for a large ransom ; but she died,
Struck in my father's mansion by the darts
Of Artemis. But Hector, thou to me
Art sire and honoured mother ; brother too
And best of husbands art thou. Do thou then
Have pity on me, and stay here upon
This tower, lest thou shouldst orphanize thy child
And make thy wife a widow. And the host
Station beside the fig-tree where our Troy
Can best be entered, and its circling walls
Are least impregnable. For there three times
Their bravest came and tried them, following
The Ajax brothers and Idomeneus
Far-famed, and Atreus' sons, and Diomede
The sturdy son of Tydeus : whether one
Well-skilled in auguries had prompted them,
Or their own minds conceived and wrought the
scheme."

Great Hector of the glancing-helm replied ;
" All these things are my proper care, my wife,
But I should dread the scorn of Trojan men,
And long-robed women, if, as craven-souled,

I were to shun the fight ; nor will my heart
Permit me, since I've studied to be brave,
And ever 'mong the foremost in the fight
On Troy's behalf, my sire's great name and mine
Upholding. Yet within my heart and soul
I know too well the day will come wherein
Shall perish sacred Ilium and its king,
And Priam's people, but in days to come
I shall not grieve so much for Trojan men,
Or Hecuba herself, or Priam, king,
Or for my brothers, numerous and brave,
Who in the dust shall fall by hostile men,
As for thee when some brass-clad Grecian chief
Shall lead thee off in tears, thy freedom's days
Departed. When in Argos thou mayst ply
The loom to please a mistress, and mayst bring
From Hypereia's or Messeis' fount
Water with heavy heart, compelled thereto
By stern command. Then some one seeing thee
In tears, may say: 'This dame was Hector's wife,
The greatest warrior of the Trojan host
When Ilium was at stake.' And hearing them,
It will to thee be a fresh cause of grief
For loss of such a man to shield thee from
A servile day. But may a mound of earth
Cover my corpse ere tidings come to me
Of thy wild shrieks and capture!" Saying this,
Hector stretched out his hand to take his child,

But the babe shrank back to his nurse's arms
Crying, and startled at his father's look,
And at his brazen helm and horse-hair crest
Which nodded fearful on his helmet's peak.
Then smiled his mother and his loving sire ;
And straightway from his head great Hector took
The helm, and placed it shining on the ground,
And when he'd kissed his son, and with his hands
Had dandled him, to Zeus he raised his prayer,
And to the other gods : " Grant, Zeus, and ye
Olympians, that this my son may be
Like me among the Trojans eminent
For might and valour, and may firmly rule
O'er Ilium ; so that haply one may say,
Returning from the war : ' this youth excels
His father far.' And may he carry back
The bloody spoils of foemen slain, and fill
His mother's heart with joy ! " He said and gave
His son into his loving mother's arms,
And she received him to her fragrant breast,
Smiling amid her tears. And seeing this,
Her husband pitied her and with his hand
Caressed her, and addressed with gentle words.
" Lady, be not too greatly grieved for me,
For no one can to Hades send me down
Before my time, and in advance of fate ;
And well I know man can in no way shun
His fate, or be it bad, or be it good,

When once 'tis fixed. But go into the house
And occupy thyself with women's work,
The loom, the distaff, and in ordering
Thy servants' daily round ; and leave the war
To Trojan men and most of all to me."
So saying, noble Hector took his helm
With hairy crest ; and to the house returned
His loving wife, with frequent backward look,
Dropping big tears. And soon as she had reached
The stately house of Hector, there she found
Not a few serving women, and they all
Burst into grief on seeing her and wept
For Hector living, for they thought that he
Would never from the war return again,
Or the Achaïans' might and arms escape.
Nor lingered Paris in his lofty house,
But when his armour he had donned, a blaze
Of brass, he hurried through the city's streets,
Exulting in his nimbleness of foot ;
Like to a stall-fed horse, with provender
Unstinted, who, his halter torn away,
Careers across the plain with many a bound,
Seeking the ample stream where 'twas his wont
To bathe, and revels, tossing high his head,
Shaking his mane, exulting in his pride,
Rearing and gambolling as a horse will do ;
So Paris, Priam's son, from Pergamus
Went down, in armour shining like the sun

Laughing and borne along with rapid feet.
Hector, his valiant brother, found he soon,
Leaving the place where with his loving wife
He'd held familiar converse ; and to him
First godlike Alexander spoke and said :
" Good brother, with my lingering I fear
I've kept thee back, most eager for the fray,
Nor have I come as promptly as thou bad'st."
And gleaming helmèd Hector answered him :
" Sir, there is not a man who thinks aright
Who would despise thy prowess in the war,
Seeing what might is thine ; of thine own will
Thou art remiss and shunn'st the battlefield ;
And to my very heart I'm grieved to hear
How thou art jeered at by the men of Troy
Who for thy sake have suffered endless toil.
But let us go, and these things we will leave
For settlement hereafter, if perchance
Zeus may vouchsafe to us with freedom's bowl
To honour in our halls the heavenly gods
Who live for ever, and the well-greaved Greeks
To chase from Troy.

THE ILIAD OF HOMER.

BOOK IX.

So kept the Trojans watch ; but awful rout,
Child of chill fear, dissolved the Achaian host,
And all their bravest were cast down with grief
Unbearable. As when the teeming deep
Two winds stir up, the north wind and the west,
Blowing from Thrace, and rising suddenly ;
When the dark waters rear their hoary crests
In unison, and lined is all the shore
With sea-wrack : so within their troubled breasts
The hearts of Grecian men were two ways tossed.
The son of Atreus with a weight of grief
Loading his heart, went ranging to and fro,
Bidding the clear-toned heralds call by name
Each hero to the agora, and enjoin
To come in silence : and himself toiled hard
Among the foremost. And they came and sat
In grief. And Agamemnon stood and shed
Tears, as a fountain from a craggy rock

Pours its dark flood. So, groaning heavily,
He spoke amid the Greeks: "My friends, ye chiefs
And counsellors of Greece, Zeus Cronides,
Hard-hearted, hath upon my cause brought down
A mighty ruin; who once promised me,
(And with his nod confirmed,) I should return
When Troy's proud walls were levelled with the
ground.

But now a wretched fraud hath he devised,
And bids me back with ignominy go
To Argos, after many warriors' loss.
So doth it seem to be the mind of Zeus
All-potent, who the heads of many states
Hath laid low, and who yet will lowly lay,
For he is mightiest. But come, do ye all
As I advise! Now let us launch our ships,
And flee to our loved father-land. No more
Shall we possess ourselves of wide-wayed Troy."
So spake he, and a death-like silence came
O'er all; and long the sorrowing sons of Greece
Were mute. At length the hero Diomedes
Arose and said: "Atrides, I will first
Reprove thy folly, as I well may do,
A king, in the assembly; nor do thou
Give way to wrath! Who once among the Greeks
Despised my power, and dealt with me as one
Weak and unwarlike. And all this know well
The Greeks both young and old. But unto thee

The son of wily Cronos hath dispensed
Discordant qualities. With rule, indeed,
Above them all he hath exalted thee ;
But courage is not thine, though this is far
The best resource. Good sir, dost thou suppose
The sons of Greece will show themselves for war
Unfit, and powerless, as thy words imply ?
But if thy mind on going home is fixed,
Go thou ! the way is open and the ships
Lie by the sea, the fleet which sailed with thee
From far Mycene ; but we other Greeks
Will here abide until we've overthrown
The Trojan city. But were these in ships
To flee to their dear father-land ; yet we,
Stout Sthenelus and I, will struggle on
Till Ilium's towers are levelled with the dust ;
(For by the favour of a god we came.)"
So said he, and the Greeks with one accord
Shouted assent, by Diomedes's brave words
Encouraged. Then among them Nestor old
Arose and said : "Tydides, thou in war
Excellest, and in council there is none
Before thee, of like age, nor can the Greeks
Blame what thou say'st, or question thee again ;
But there is something more, for thou art young,
And well might'st be the youngest of my sons,
Yet thou speak'st wisely to the Grecian chiefs,
And what is just. But I who am so much

Thy senior will speak out, and all the points
Examine ; nor may any one reject
My counsel, not e'en Agamemnon, king.
Friendless and lawless, and without a home
Must he be who exults in civil strife,
With its chill horrors. So now let us yield
To dusky night, and let us straight prepare
The evening meal, and let the sentinels
Be placed at intervals beside the trench
Outside the wall ; this is the young men's part.
But thou, Atrides, over all must be ;
For 'tis thy royal place ; feast thou the chiefs
As well beseems thee. In the tents is wine
In plenty, which from Thrace the Achaian ships
Bring daily o'er the ocean's wide expanse.
The means are all at hand, and thou art king
Of many men, and of the numerous throng
Trust thou in him who can advise the best.
Great need have all the Greeks of counsel good,
And well thought out, for all around the ships
The camp-fires of our enemies burn bright.
Who would not grieve at this ? this very night
The army will be either lost or saved."
So spake he, and they heard him and obeyed
With eagerness ; the sentries with their arms
Hastened, led on by Thrasymedes brave,
The son of Nestor, and Ascalaphus
And stout Ialmenus, all warriors good,

And Aphareüs, and Deïpyrus,
Meriones, and by the god-like son
Of Creon, Lycomedes. Seven they were,
Chiefs of the watch, and following each went forth
With long-shanked spears in hand a hundred youths;
And took their posts between the trench and wall.
There lit they fires, and each his meal prepared.
But the Achaian chiefs Atrides brought
Together in his tent, and spread for them
Substantial fare. And on the wholesome food
That lay before them, with keen appetite
They put their hands. And when desire for meat
And drink was gone, the aged Nestor first
Began to unfold his counsel, whose before
Had seemed the best : endued with judgment sound,
He rose and said : “ Atrides, famed afar,
King Agamemnon, I in thee will end,
In thee begin ; for thou art counted king
O'er many peoples, and to thee hath Zeus
Ordained the sceptre and prerogative,
That thou by them mayst regulate thy course.
Wherefore 'tis fit that thou should'st speak the most,
Yet listen to another, and his words
Change into action when his soul is moved
To counsel what is good ; for with thee rests
The initiative. But I will now declare
What seems to me to be the better way ;
For no one can devise a wiser plan

Than this, which is and has been from the first
My thought, since thou didst go, O Zeus-sprung prince,
And from incensed Achilles' tent didst take
The maid Briseis, much against my mind,
(For very strongly I dissuaded thee.)
But yielding to thy arrogance of soul,
Thou hast insulted one of noblest mould,
Whom e'en immortals honour; for his prize
Taking, thou keepest. Yet now let us still
Consider how with gifts and gentle words
And soothing, we may pacify his wrath."
Then answered Agamemnon, King of men:
"My aged friend, thou hast too truly told
My folly; I have erred, nor will I spurn
Thy counsel. He is worthy more than most,
And loved at heart by Zeus, who now his cause
Avenges, taking victory from the Greeks.
And since I've erred, by evil promptings led,
I wish to make amends, and give to him
Full compensation, and before you all
I name what it shall be; seven tripods new
That have not felt the fire; and talents ten
Of gold; and twenty basins gleaming bright;
And horses twelve, well-knit, and prize-winners
By reason of their fleetness: he who owns
Such horses could not be accounted poor,
Nor lacking precious gold, the prizes won
By these swift racers. And I'll give beside

Seven women, Lesbians, skilled in fancy work,
Whom when he captured Lesbos, well-built town,
I chose, and who the most of woman-kind
Surpass in beauty. These I'll send to him,
And she whom I bore off shall go with them,
The girl Briseis. And besides, I'll swear
A mighty oath, that never to her bed
I've gone, nor joined with her in love's embrace,
As is man's way with woman. All these things
Shall forthwith be produced. And if besides,
The gods shall grant us Priam's mighty town
To devastate ; he sacking it, a ship
Shall load with gold and brass unstintedly,
When we Greeks make division of the spoil.
And twenty Trojan women he may choose,
Only than Argive Helen less esteemed
For beauty. And if e'er we come again
To Argos in Achaia, fruitful land,
He shall become my son-in-law, whom I
Equally with Orestes will esteem,
My only son, in much abundance nursed.
Three daughters have I in my well-built house,
Their names Chrysothemis, Laodike,
And Iphianassa : which of these he will,
Without a bridegroom's presents, to the house
Of Peleus he may bring, and dowry large
I'll give, the like of which no man has e'er
Endowed his daughters with : seven cities, large,

Well peopled, I will give : Cardamyle,
And Enope, and Hyrè 'mong the meads,
And sacred Pheræ, and Antheia, rich
In grass-land, and Æpæa fair, and wine-
Producing Pedasus. They all are near
The sea, and to the confines stretch away
Of sandy Pylos. And therein dwell men
Wealthy in sheep and oxen, who with gifts
Will honour him as if he were a god,
And who beneath his sway will still observe
Their gracious ways. All this will I perform
If he will quell his wrath—Why should he not ?
Hades implacable, unyielding is,
And therefore is most hated by mankind
Of all the gods. Then let him yield to me,
Seeing I am of higher rank than he,
And older.” Then Gerenian Nestor old,
Replied : “ Most famed Atrides, King of men,
No more the gifts thou offerest will be scorned
By King Achilles ; come now, chosen men
Let us appoint to go in utmost haste,
And seek the tent of Peleus’ mighty son.
I if thou wilt, will choose them, and let them
Obey. First Phœnix, well-beloved of Zeus,
Shall take the lead ; then Ajax, called the great,
Shall go, and wise Odysseus, god-like man.
And of the heralds there shall follow them
Odios and Eurybates. Now bring

Water to lave their hands, and bid them keep
Silence, that we to Cronos' son may pray,
If he perchance may pity us." He spake,
And all approved his words. The heralds straight
Poured water on their hands, and young men crowned
The bowls with wine, and dealt it out to all
In due succession ; and when they had made
Libation, and had drunk what wine they would,
They left in haste King Agamemnon's tent ;
And many charges aged Nestor gave,
Glancing at each, and at Odysseus most,
How they must strive to move the haughty soul
Of Peleus' blameless son. And on they went
Along the moaning ocean's sandy shore,
Praying much to Poseidon, Earth-shaker,
And Earth-encircler, hoping he would melt
The heart of great Æakides. They come
To where his Myrmidons their tents and ships
Had placed, and found him solacing himself
With fingering his lyre, fine-toned, adorned
With cunning work, and bearing on its horns
A bar of silver : 'twas among the spoil
When he the city of Eëtion sacked.
With it he soothed his soul and sang the feats
Of heroes, and in silence sat with him
Patroclus only, waiting till his friend
Should end his song. Odysseus leading them,
They entered and before Achilles stood.

Surprised, with lyre in hand he rose and left
His seat ; Patroclus also, seeing them,
Arose. And fleet Achilles greeting them
Exclaimed : “ Hail, either if as friends ye come,
Or some great urgency has brought you here,
Who are to me the dearest of the Greeks,
Vexed though I am.” So great Achilles said,
And made them sit on couches and on rugs
Of purple, and immediately he called
Patroclus who was near : “ Menœtius’ son,
Bring out the larger bowl, mix purer wine,
And set a cup for each, for dearest friends
Have sought my roof.” So said he, and so did
Patroclus his loved comrade’s call obey,
And in the fire-light placed a mighty tray,
Putting thereon of flesh of sheep and goat
The choicest parts, and chine of well-fed hog,
With fatness redolent. Automedon
Held them, but great Achilles carved the meat ;
And well he did it, and the pieces stuck
On spits ; Menœtius’ son, the god-like man,
Kindling a blazing fire—and when the fire
Burnt low, and died the flame, he spread about
The embers, lifting from their stands the spits,
And sprinkled sacred salt upon the meat.
And when the roast was finished and upon
The dresser lodged, Patroclus then took bread
And in fair wicker baskets set it out

Upon the table ; but Achilles self
Dealt out the meat. This done, his seat he took
Facing Odysseus, 'gainst the other wall,
And bade Patroclus, his companion loved,
Make offering to the gods ; who on the fire
The offering placed. And then upon the meats
Before them spread, their willing hands they laid.
And when the wish for food and drink was gone,
Ajax made sign to Phœnix ; seeing this,
Divine Odysseus filled his cup with wine
And thus he pledged Achilles : " Hail, thou son
Of Peleus, nought of banquet fair we lack,
Whether in Agamemnon's tent or here,
For thou hast given us a grateful meal.
Yet not for pleasant banquet is our care,
But a disaster dire before us looms,
Filling our hearts with dread ; for much we fear,
Zeus-nurtured prince, our well-benched ships may be
A prey to hostile fire, unless thy might
Thou puttest on. For near our ships and wall
The daring Trojans, and allies, from far
Summoned, have pitched their tents, and many fires
Are blazing in their camp, and 'tis their boast
That nought shall hinder them from falling on
Our dark-hulled ships. And Zeus, old Cronos' son,
Thunders auspicious omens in their cause.
And Hector, glorying in his might, with wrath
Is filled, and places all his trust in Zeus,

Neither cares he for men or other gods :
Intensely for the conflict yearneth he,
And for the coming of the Dawn divine
He prays. For from our ships he vows he'll hurl
The towering poops, and burn the hulls with fire
Unquenchable, and there will overcome
The Achaians all bewildered with the smoke.
So in my heart I dread exceedingly
Lest his proud vaunts the god may bring to pass,
And it may be our doom to die at Troy
Far from horse-feeding Argos. But arise,
If thou hast any wish, though late, to save
The sons of Greece, worn out with wars' alarms.
In time to come 'twould be a grief to thee
Thyself, nor could a way be found to heal
The mischief done. But think while there is time
How thou mayst turn away this evil day
From Greece. My friend, remember what thy sire
Peleus impressed upon thee when he once
Sent thee away from Phthia to the abode
Of Agamemnon : ' Son, the goddesses
Pallas and Herè, if it be their will,
Will give thee might, but do thou put restraint
Upon the haughty soul within thy breast,
For courteousness is best. Abstain from strife,
The source of mischief, and the Argive men
Both old and young will honour thee the more.
So the old man enjoined, but thou hast not

Remembered, but pause even now, and cease
Thy life-consuming wrath, for worthy gifts
Will Agamemnon make thy own if thou
Wilt cease from anger. And if thou wilt hear,
I will enumerate what noble gifts
Stored in his tents hath Agamemnon vowed.
Seven tripods new and clean, and talents ten
Of gold, and twenty basins gleaming bright,
And horses twelve, well-knit and prize-winners
By reason of their fleetness. He who owns
Such horses could not be accounted poor,
Nor lacking precious gold, the prizes won
By these swift racers. And he'll give beside
Seven women, Lesbians, skilled in cunning work,
Whom when the well-built Lesbos thou did'st take,
He chose, and who the most of woman-kind
Surpass in beauty. Them he'll send to thee,
And with them there shall go whom he bore off,
The girl Briseis; and beside he'll swear
A mighty oath that never to her bed
He's gone, nor joined with her in love's embrace,
As is man's way with woman. All these things
Shall forthwith be produced. And if besides,
The gods shall grant us Priam's mighty town
To overthrow; thou ransacking, a ship
Shalt load with gold and brass unstintedly,
When we Greeks make division of the spoil.
And twenty Trojan women thou may'st choose,

Only than Argive Helen less esteemed
For beauty. And if e'er we come again
To Argos in Achaia, richest land,
Thou may'st become his son-in-law, and with
Orestes equally be honoured there,
His only son, in much abundance nursed.
Three daughters has he in his well-built house,
Their names Chrysothemis, Laodike,
And Iphianassa : which of these thou wilt,
Without a bridegroom's presents to the house
Of Peleus thou may'st bring. And dowry large
He'll give, the like of which no man has e'er
Endowed his daughter with : seven cities large,
Well peopled, he will give, Cardamyle,
And Enope, and Hyre 'mong the meads,
And sacred Pheræ, and Antheia rich
In grass-land, and Æpæa fair, and wine-
Producing Pedasus. They all are near
The sea, and to the confines stretch away
Of sandy Pylos. And therein dwell men
Wealthy in sheep and oxen, who with gifts
Will honour thee as if thou wert a god,
And who beneath thy sway will still observe
Their gracious ways. All this will he perform
If thou wilt quell thy wrath. And if the son
Of Atreus is too hateful to thy heart,
He and his gifts, yet pity thou the Greeks
Exhausted with the conflict, who thyself

Will honour as a god. For great indeed
The glory thou may'st reap. Yea, Hector's self
Thou might'st o'ercome since he would seek for thee
In deadly conflict, and he boasts that none
Of all the Greeks who hither brought their ships
Can equal him." Achilles swift of foot
Answered and said: "Laertes' noble son,
Crafty Odysseus, I must needs reply
Bluntly, and let you know my mind and fixed
Determination, that you, sitting here
Weary me not with specious arguments ;
For as the gates of Hades do I hate
The man who hides one thing within his breast,
And says another. But what seems to me
The best I will speak out. I do not think
Atrides Agamemnon will prevail,
Or other Greeks to move my fixed soul ;
For 'tis no joy to fight incessantly
With hostile men. Fate comes the same to him
Who shuns the war and to the man who fights
His utmost ; in one honour are we held,
The cowards and the brave ; and die alike
The man who works not, and the man whose toil
Is great ; nor would it profit me who've borne
Much grief to be for ever hazarding
My life in war. And as a bird conveys
Food to her unfledged nestlings when 'tis gained,
And fares herself but badly in the quest,

So I through many sleepless nights have passed,
And many bloody days have spent in war,
Fighting with warriors on your wives' behalf.
Twelve thriving cities with my ships I've sacked,
Eleven by land I boast to have o'erthrown
In fertile Troia; and from these I've borne
Much treasure rich, and all I brought and gave
To Agamemnon. And he lingering
Beside the swift ships, took it all, and dealt
But little out, and kept the most himself.
What prizes to the nobles and the kings
He made division of, remain their own;
Me only hath he robbed, and now he has
The girl I took delight in. Let him take
His pleasure with her. But why should the Greeks
Fight with the Trojans? Wherefore did the king
Muster the people and convey them here?
Was it not for the fair-haired Helen's sake?
Do the Atridæ only love their wives
Of mortal men? Nay, every man who thinks
Aright his own wife cherishes and loves.
But now since from my hands my prize he's borne,
Cheating me, let him not think fit to tempt
One who sees through him. He will not succeed.
But let him now deliberate with thee
And with the other Greeks how best ye may
From Grecian ships ward off the hostile fire.
For many things he's done without my aid,

Even built a wall and drawn around a trench,
Both wide and deep, and fixed upon its bank
A palisade. But not so can he check
The might of Hector, slaughterer of men.
As long as I was fighting with the Greeks,
Hector was loth beyond the walls of Troy
To venture, but came only to the oak,
And Skæan gates, where once in single fight
He met me, and but barely saved his life.
But now, since I no longer wish to fight
With godlike Hector ; when to-morrow comes,
And I have offered sacrifice to Zeus
And all the gods, and launched my vessels, well
Loading them, thou shalt see, (if thou dost wish,
And such things are a care to thee,) my ships
Sailing across fish-teeming Hellespont
At dawn ; and eager rowers thronging them.
And if the famous Earthshaker should grant
Fair passage, on the third day I shall come
To fertile Phthia. There have I much wealth,
Left when I came here roaming o'er the sea ;
And other gold I'll add, and ruddy brass
And well-girt women, and much hoary steel
Which fell to me by lot. But yet my prize
Atreides Agamemnon, though he gave,
Dared in his insolence to take away.
To whom tell everything as I instruct,
Openly, that the other Greeks may be

Indignant also, if perchance he still,
(For ever clothed with impudence,) should hope
To cheat some other man. He will not dare,
Though void of shame, to look me in the face.
Nor will I join in conference with him,
Or warlike deed ; for he has cheated me
And done me wrong, and never shall again
Delude me with his words. He's sinned enough ;
But let him go unharmed, for Zeus, the lord
Of counsel, has his intellect disturbed.
His gifts are hateful to me, and himself
I hold in high contempt. Not, should he give
Ten times or twenty times the gifts he's named,
And even more would give ; not all the wealth
That flows into Orchomenus, nor what
Egyptian Thebes contains, (of treasure full,
Where are the hundred gates, and where through each
Two hundred men drive out their well-horsed cars,)
Not if his gifts were countless as the sand
Or dust, would Agamemnon so persuade
My fixed mind ere he in full atone
For all his grievous insolence to me.
I will not marry Agamemnon's child,
Not even if in beauty she may vie
With golden Aphrodite, and in skill
With gleaming-eyed Athene. Not e'en then
Should I desire to take her. Let him choose
Some other Greek, of higher rank and more

Befitting her, for if indeed the gods
Preserve me, and I reach my home again,
Then surely Peleus' self will find for me
A wife, for many are the Achaian maids
In Hellas and in Phthia claiming sires
Of noble blood, their cities' guardian lords.
Of these, her whom I will I'll make my wife.
And much I've brooded in my manly mind
How, wedding a fair maid, I may enjoy
The wealth of aged Peleus. For not all
Which, (as they say,) in Ilium was contained,
Well-fenced city, in the peaceful time
Before the Achaians came, is worth my life ;
Nor what the stony threshold of the god,
The archer Phœbus, holds within its bounds
In rocky Pythos. For fat flocks and herds
In foray may be won, and tripods tall,
And chestnut horses ; but the life of man
When it has crossed the enclosure of his teeth
Can ne'er return ; no foray will avail,
Nor can it be recovered. For declares
My goddess mother of the silver foot,
The fates have two ways fixed my end of life.
If I stay here and round the Trojan walls
Wage war, the hope of my return is gone,
But I shall win imperishable fame ;
And if instead I to my home return
And much-loved fatherland, my fame is gone,

But my life will be mine, nor shall I soon
Yield it in death. And to you other Greeks
I give this counsel ; to your homes sail back,
Since never shall ye, staying, see the end
Of lofty Ilium. For wide-seeing Zeus
Hath raised on her behalf his mighty arm,
And courage fills her people. But go ye
And speak my message to the Grecian chiefs.
(’Tis due to them,) that so they may devise
Other and better way to save their ships
And Grecian host encamped upon the shore ;
For this is unavailable which now
They’ve chosen since my wrath is unappeased.
But Phoenix, he shall stay here and repose,
That on the morrow he may sail with me,
If so he will, to his dear father-land,
But no constraint think I to put on him.”
So spake he, and they all with one consent
Were silent with astonishment ; for stern
Indeed was his refusal. Afterwards
The aged warrior Phoenix found a voice
Amidst his tears, so great was his alarm
For the Achaian ships : “ If thou indeed,
Far-famed Achilles, in thy mind revol’st
Thy going home, and carest not the least
To keep the fatal burning from the ships,
Being so full of rage ; how then can I,
Dear son, be left alone here far from thee ?

Of thee the aged Peleus gave me charge
That day when he from Phthia sent me to
The abode of Agamemnon, yet a child
Untaught in warfare and the agora's arts
Wherein men make a name. And thee he sent
To learn these things : to be an orator
And man of action too. So then, dear child,
I would not be left here apart from thee,
Not even if a god himself should vow
To free me from old age and make me young,
Such as I was when Hellas first I left,
Land of fair women, fleeing from my sire,
Amyntor, son of Ormenus, whose ire
Burnt hot against me for his concubine
Whom loving, he cast slight upon his wife,
My mother. And she pressed me much and oft
To couch with her, the concubine, that so
She might be odious to the aged man.
And I obeying, did so. And my sire,
At once suspecting, uttered many a curse,
Invoking the Erinnyes' dread, and vowed
That never should a son of mine be nursed
Upon his knees. And these his curses deep
The gods fulfilled ; the underworld's great lord
And dread Persephone. Then him I thought
To slay with my keen sword. But my stern ire
Was quelled by some immortal who my mind
Filled with the thought of popular report,

Lest I should be among Achaian men
Called parricide. No longer could I bear
In the abode of my vexed sire to stay ;
Yet friends and kinsmen who surrounded me,
Detained me in his house with many prayers.
And many sheep and oxen sound they slew,
And many hogs with rich fat overlaid
Singeing, they stretched across Hephaistos' flame ;
And much wine from the old man's jars they drank.
Nine times they spent the night around my couch,
Keeping the watch in turn, and never were
The fires extinguished, one alive beneath
The well-fenced court-yard's corridor, and one
In the forehouse before the chamber's doors.
But when the tenth dark night o'erspread the ways,
I, breaking through the chamber's well-fit doors,
Went out, and bounding o'er the court-yard's fence
With ease, escaped the notice of the watch,
Both men, and women servants. Then I fled
Away through spacious Hellas, and I came
To fertile Phthia, flock-abounding land,
To Peleus, king. And he with willing mind
Received me and he loved me, as his son
A father loves, his only one, the heir
To his possessions. And he made me rich,
And granted me much people, and I dwelt
In Phthia's furthest region, ruling o'er
Dolopian men. And with my heart's great love,

Godlike Achilles, thee I cherished so.
That with none other wouldst thou ever go
To banquet, nor wouldst taste it in the house
Ere I had caught thee on my knees, and fed
With dainty bits of meat and sips of wine.
And often wouldst thou stain my tunic's breast
Spurting the wine with childish wantonness.
So did I bear and labour much for thee,
This thinking, as the gods have granted me
No son, that I would tend thee as a son,
Godlike Achilles, so mightst thou some day
Shield me from sad calamity. But bend
Thy mighty soul, Achilles, 'tis not meet
Thy heart should ne'er relent; the gods themselves
May be appeased, whose dignity and might
Are greater; and with offerings and prayers,
Libations and the smoke of sacrifice,
Men may prevail to turn aside their wrath
When they have erred, or run into excess.
For Prayers are daughters too of mighty Zeus,
But lame and wrinkled, and with eyes asquint,
And trail on after Atè in her course:
But Atè's strength is firm and swift her foot,
Wherefore she far surpasses them in speed,
And so forestalls them over all the earth,
Injuring men, and Prayers bind up her wounds.
To him who reverences the maids of Zeus
When they come near, they, hearkening to his call,

Vouchsafe their potent aid. But he who spurns,
And stubbornly repels them, upon him,
Flying to Zeus Cronion, they entreat
That Atè may attend, and smiting him
Give just requital. So, Achilles, yield
Honour and service to the maids of Zeus,
Who at least other heroes' souls can bend.
For if Atrides did not offer gifts,
Naming what they should be, but still remained
Relentlessly obdurate, surely then
I would not ask thee, throwing wrath aside,
To shield the Greeks, though sorely needing help.
But now at once he'll give thee many gifts,
And more he promises, and he has sent
The foremost men to move thee with their prayers,
Choosing for this among the Achaian host
Men dearest to myself of all the Greeks,
Whom do not thou dishonour in their words
Or mission ; but before this there was ground
For thy great ire. And so, as we have heard,
Did heroes of old time when towering wrath
Rose in some breast ; they could be won by gifts,
And were accessible to argument.
A case I have in mind of long ago,
Not recent, and I'll tell to you, my friends,
How it occurred : the staunch Ætolian men
Fought with the Curetes for Calydon,
Famed city, and the slaughter was not small

On either side. The Ætolians fought to keep
Fair Calydon; the Curetes burned hot
To overthrow it. For the golden-throned
Artemis wrought its ruin, vexed because
Æneus to her no sacrifices gave,
The first-fruits of his lands, though other gods
Had hecatombs, but only to the child
Of mighty Zeus no offering was made,
Through inattention or forgetfulness.
Thus the slight rankled keenly in her heart,
And she, the arrow-shooter, in her wrath
Sent to his detriment a white-tusked boar
Fierce from the woods, which haunting Æneus' land,
Did him much harm, and many goodly trees
Uprooted in their bloom, and ruined all
Their fruiting promise. And this mighty boar
Was slain by Meleager, valiant son
Of Æneus with the aid of many men
And dogs, for with a few he might not be
Subdued, so savage was he, many a one
Causing to load the dismal funeral-pyre.
And Artemis much rivalry aroused
Between the Ætolians and the Curetes,
Which should the boar's head and his rough hide win.
As long as warlike Meleager fought,
Ill went it with the Curetes, who feared
To venture near the wall although their force
Was strong. But when in Meleager's heart

Wrath sprang, which swells the breasts of other men
Accounted wise, he, with his mother vexed,
Althæa, to his wedded wife withdrew,
Fair Cleopatra, who for parents claimed
Marpessa slim of foot, Evenus' child,
And Idas, mightiest of men who then
Dwelt on the earth. He taking arms against
Phœbus Apollo, king, contended for
The shapely-ancled nymph. Her father then
And lady mother gave her in their home
The surname Alcyonè, because for her
Her mother wept with grief like Alcyonè's
When Phœbus the far-shooter dragged her off.
With his wife, nursing anger in his heart,
Stayed Meleager, with his mother vexed,
Who grieving for her brother's death, much prayer
Made to the gods, and beat the fruitful ground,
Sunk on her knees, her bosom wet with tears,
Invoking Hades and Persephone
To bring death to her son. And she was heard
From Erebus by her who walks in gloom,
Erinnys, for a cruel heart had she.
And speedily around their gates arose
The din and crash of falling towers and walls.
Him then the Ætolian elders much besought
(Sending their gods' chief priests,) to come and fight
On their side, promising a noble gift.
Where Calydon's fair plain is richest land
They bade him choose a fifty-acre farm,

The best, of vine-land half, the other half
Of open corn-land ; and the aged chief,
Æneus besought him much, and stood beside
The threshold of his lofty-roofed abode,
And knocking loudly at the close-fit doors,
Entreated him. His lady mother too
And sisters joined their prayers, but he the more
Refused them. And his comrades added theirs,
They whom he valued most, and whom he held
Dearest of all. But not e'en these availed
To move the stubborn heart within his breast,
Until indeed his dwelling was attacked,
And, swarming o'er the walls, the Curetes
Fired the great city. Then his wife, alarmed,
In tears, entreated Meleager much,
Telling him all her trouble, and what haps
At capture of a city ; how the men
Are slain, how burning devastates the homes,
And strangers seize the children and the wives.
These horrors brought to mind aroused his ire,
And rising, he his shining armour donned ;
And thus from the Ætolians he kept off
An evil day, relenting in his mind.
But they their promised bounty rendered not,
Though he had sent the evil from their doors.
So do not thou think thus within thy heart,
Nor let a god avert thee, O my friend ;
For when the ships are burning 'twould be hard

To render help. But look thou at the gifts,
For like a god the Greeks will honour thee ;
But if without a gift the deadly fight
Thou enterest on, thou wouldst not then receive
Such honour, though thou turn the tide of war.”
And swift-footed Achilles, answering, said :
“ O father Phoenix, old man Zeus-beloved,
This honour want I not ; for, as I think,
I shall have honour by decree of Zeus
Restraining me beside the beakèd ships
As long as breath remains within my breast,
And power within my limbs. And this word too
I'll say, and let it sink into thine heart :
Disquiet not my mind with tears and grief,
Bringing joy to Atrides ; 'tis not meet
Him thou shouldst love, or so thou mayst incur
My hatred who love thee. 'Tis good for me
To care for him who feels for my distress.
Reign thou with me, my equal, and partake
Of half my honour. These will carry back
My message, but do thou abide with me
And take thy rest upon an easeful couch.
And with the morning light will we debate
Whether to Phthia's land we shall depart,
Or here remain.” He said, and made a sign
In silence to Patroclus to spread out
A warm soft bed, that so the two might think
'Twas time for their departure from the tent.

Then Ajax godlike son of Telamon
Exclaimed : “ Odysseus, man of many arts,
Son of Laertes, Zeus-sprung, let us go,
Vain is the use of further argument !
With all speed must we carry to the Greeks
His answer, unpropitious though it is,
Who now perchance in expectation sit.
But merciless Achilles’ mighty heart
Is callous, nor to comrades can be turned
By friendship, though for this we honoured him
More than all others by the beakèd ships ;
Relentless one ! Another man would take
Atonement for the slaughter of his son,
Or of his brother, and who did the deed
Abides among the people, having paid
The ransom, and the other’s manly heart
For this restrains itself ; but in thy breast
The gods have put a heart implacable,
Ill-boding, and all this for one girl’s sake.
And now we offer thee seven choicest maids,
And many other things would give beside ;
Let these appease thy wrath, and honour thou
The roof ’neath which we’ve met, for we have come
The chosen of the Greeks, and more than all
Are anxious for thy welfare and thy love.”
And swift-footed Achilles answering said :
“ Ajax, the people’s leader, Zeus-sprung son
Of Telamon, all this thou seem’st to speak

Sincerely, but my heart with anger swells
When I remember all, and how the son
Of Atreus made me vile among the Greeks,
As if I were some wretched wanderer.
But go ye now and take my answer back !
For in the bloody war I will not join
Ere godlike Hector, kingly Priam's son
Assaults with hostile fire the tents and ships,
And round the vessels many a Greek lays low.
But against my tent, and my dark-hulled ship
I fancy Hector, ardent though he be,
Will hold his hand." So said he, and they each,
Taking a double cup, their pledges gave,
And to the ships returned ; Odysseus first.
Meantime his comrades and the serving maids
Patroclus bade for Phœnix speedily
An easeful couch prepare ; who prompt obeyed,
And fleeces spread, and rugs, and linen soft.
There the old man reclined and waited for
The heavenly dawn. But in his well-built tent's
Innermost nook divine Achilles slept :
And by his side reclined a woman fair,
Daughter of Phorbas, Diomedè named,
From Lesbos brought. And opposite reposed
Patroclus and the well-zoned Iphis, gift
Of great Achilles, captured when he took
Scyrus upon the rock, Enue's hold.
And when into Atrides' tent returned

The embassy, the Greeks with golden cups
Welcomed them, each man rising, and they gave
Their message. But first Agamemnon, king,
Questioned them : " Say, Odysseus, much renowned,
The Achaians' glory, whether he agrees
To ward off from the ships the hostile fire,
Or still refuses, and hot anger still
Rules his great heart." Odysseus, godlike man
And much-enduring, answered : " King of men,
Most noble Agamemnon, he indeed
Declines to quell his wrath, nay even more
Is filled with fury, and rejects outright
Thee and thy gifts. And thee thyself he bids
Take counsel with the Greeks how best to save
The well-benched vessels and the Achaian host.
And he has threatened with the dawn of day
To launch into the sea his dark-hulled ships.
He also vows he will the rest advise
To sail away for home, since hope is gone
To see the end of Ilium on the rock.
For over her wide-seeing Zeus has stretched
His shielding hand, her people gather heart.
These were his words, and they who follow me,
Ajax and the two heralds, prudent men,
Know what I've told you. But the aged man,
Phœnix remains to rest, Achilles' guest,
Asked to sail back with him at break of day
To his loved fatherland if such his mind,

But no constraint is on him." So he said,
And all were mute, aghast at what they heard,
For crushing was the message that he bore.
And silent long the troubled sons of Greece
Remained. At length rose warlike Diomede
And said: "Famed Agamemnon, king of men,
Would thou hadst not to Peleus' blameless son
Been suppliant, nor offered costly gifts!
For headstrong is he and to reason deaf,
And now thou hast more swelled his haughty soul.
But let us leave him to himself, nor care
Whether he goes or stays. He'll fight again
What time his heart within his breast impels,
Or a god moves him. But come, let us do
As I advise. Now let us take our rest
When we have cheered our hearts with food and wine,
Wherein is life and strength, and when the Dawn,
Fair, rosy-fingered, breaks, in haste array
The people and the cars before the ships,
And fight thyself among the foremost chiefs."
So said he, and the princes all approved,
Pleased with the words of hero Diomede.
And then, libations offered, every man
Sought tent and rest, and on their eye-lids fell
The gift of sleep.

